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NO. 12.

HEATHEN WORSHIP.

THERE seems to be a natural inclination possessed by nearly every race of human beings to reverence or worship something. The idea that there is a Creator and a supreme Ruler of the universe to whom reverence is due, is probably implanted within the hearts of all mankind. And while some men claim to be skeptical in regard to the existence of a Creator, their disbelief is only the result of their training or their endeavors to force from their minds the inclination to exercise faith in the Supreme Being. Or it may possibly be the case with some that they are so ignorant they cannot discern of what a belief consists.

But the great majority of the human family are entirely ignorant of the character of our Heavenly Father. They are therefore at a loss to know how to worship Him acceptably, hence they resort to various modes, according to the vague ideas they have of what is pleasing to Him. The reason men differ so widely in their religious beliefs is because they lack the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, which, if possessed, would influence them all to worship in the same manner. It is true the Spirit of God enlighteneth every man that is born into the world, but not to the extent that he is enabled to serve the Lord acceptably.

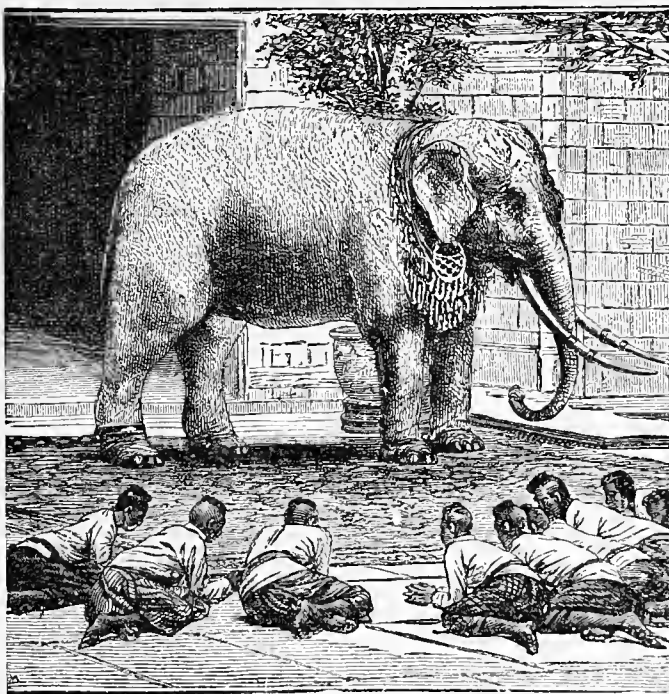
Most of the uncivilized nations, and some that are civilized, are called idolaters, because it is claimed they worship figures made of wood, stone or other materials, or perhaps living animals. But it has been discovered that in most, and probably in all, instances these images or idols are set up, not to be worshiped, but to remind the people of Him whom they are,

in their ignorance, trying to serve, and whom they believe to be the Creator of the universe.

The majority of civilized nations are known as Christians, or believers in Christ. They all claim to worship the Lord in a manner that He approves of, although their conceptions of religious worship are as various and as inconsistent as are the views entertained by the heathens. One example is sufficient to prove this. Many Christian denominations pretend to

believe in a god who is a being without body, parts or passions. To say that they really do believe in such a being is as much as to say they do not possess sound judgment; for it is impossible for one who exercises his reasoning faculties to believe in the existence of something which he positively knows cannot exist. Such a belief is equally absurd as it would be to imagine that a substance could be changed to nothing, or annihilated.

But let us glance at the accompanying engraving and see what it represents. We here see a number of persons bowing in humble reverence to an elephant. A peculiarity of the Siamese is the respect they show to the white, or albino, elephant. It is not worshiped as a deity, but is held



in high esteem on account of a belief which the Siamese Buddhists entertain that the spirit of some person who, at some future time, is destined to become a god is incarnate, or clothed with flesh, in the white elephant. They also venerate other albino animals, such as white monkeys, etc. The regard with which all animals are treated by Buddhists is on account of their faith in the transmigration of souls, that is, when a person dies his soul takes the form of some other kind of ani-

mal; hence, they treat all animals with kindness, with the hope that they will receive similar treatment in return when they are transformed into monkeys, horses, dogs or whatever the case might be.

The one who captures a white elephant in Siam is very fortunate. He and all his posterity are, from thenceforth, exempt from all taxation and liability to military service. As soon as the news is received of one of these creatures being caught, preparations are made to have it taken to the royal palace. A noble of high rank, or the king himself, goes to meet the elephant, accompanied with music, and the animal is brought triumphantly to the capital. He is then carefully tended during the rest of his life. A crown is placed upon his head, and his tusks are ornamented with precious rings. Even the king considers it an honor if the sacred animal will eat from his hand.

When the white elephant dies it is buried with royal honors, and the hairs from its tail are preserved as relics of the sacred animal.

The white elephant, in reality, is not white, although one would suppose it to be from the name it bears. Its color is a kind of pale brick-dust red.

E. F. P.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

FRUITS OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

"THOUGH He were a Son, yet learned He *obedience* by the things which He suffered." (*Heb. v, 8.*)

It is always interesting to read how the Lord directed His servants in their labors of preaching the gospel in ancient times; and how the Spirit would frequently direct them contrary to their own natural inclinations.

Paul and Timothy, having passed through Phrygia and Galatia, "were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia. After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not.

"And they passing by Mysia came down to Troas.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us." (*Acts xvi chapter.*)

By this the brethren knew that they were called of God to preach the gospel in Macedonia. Their work in that land resulted in the conversion of many faithful souls. Churches were founded in Philippi, at Thessalonica; and from there the work spread to Athens.

The Christian world to-day are teaching that these special manifestations of the power of God have ceased; and that the Lord no longer guides His servants in the way He did Paul and Timothy, as related in the foregoing.

God, however, in these last days, has restored that same gospel to the earth which Paul and the rest of the apostles preached; and with it has come that same power, which directs the servants of God in their labors.

The history of the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, is replete with instances akin to those we have related of Paul. The following is the experience of the writer:

Having labored sometime in Franklin county, Iowa, without apparently doing any good, and opportunities for preach-

ing growing less, I concluded to go elsewhere; and find a people who were more willing to hear and obey the gospel.

I made inquiries about the surrounding neighborhoods and counties, and finally decided to go to Mason City, in Cerro Gordo county, and try to make an opening there.

The day before starting I met a number of people who had befriended me, and learning that I had decided to leave their vicinity, some gave me a dollar, others half a dollar, until I had enough to bear my expenses to Mason City on the cars, and then have some left.

All this I regarded as a good omen, thinking the Lord was opening my way to accomplish my journey to Mason City.

The morning I was to start on my journey, I awoke very early—just as the day was dawning; but feeling rather drowsy, stretched out for another nap before rising. In order to rest better I changed my posture—and in doing so, I saw a personage standing by my bedside. He was of medium size, of a light complexion, and of a very pleasing countenance. Slowly and gracefully raising his hand he pointed to the eastward and said: "You go to Rockford." He disappeared on the moment of making this remark.

I quickly arose and walked out into the fields, all the while pondering over what I had seen and heard. I knew of no such place as Rockford, never had heard of it before, and my mind was perplexed. Had I not made up my mind to go to Mason City? Had I not told the whole neighborhood I was going there? To change my mind now would they not regard me as fickle-minded. Besides I did not like giving up my own arrangements.

Returning from my walk, I found the family ready to sit down to breakfast. I inquired of them if they knew of such a town as Rockford; but they had never heard of such a place. Just then a young man, whom Mr. Stade had employed a few days before, came in. He was a stranger in the neighborhood, having lately come from the eastern part of the State. I asked him if he knew of such a place as Rockford; he said he did, and that it was a flourishing little town north-east of us.

I said no more about it to them, and decided at last to carry out my own plans at all hazards.

Arriving at Mason City a little before sun-set, I put up at the St. Charles hotel, and at once began making inquiries about a hall in which to speak; past experience had taught me that it was useless to ask for churches.

The only suitable place for delivering lectures was the Masonic Hall. Finding the gentleman who had it in charge, I inquired as to the terms upon which it could be obtained, and was informed they usually charged ten dollars per night, but as I was delivering free lectures, they would let me have it for half that.

I explained to him that I was traveling without purse or scrip, and received no remuneration for my services in the way of salary, but was traveling as the servants of God did anciently. This being the case, he said I could have the hall free for one night, if I could obtain the sanction of another gentleman he named, and who was associated with him in the management of the hall. Unfortunately this other gentleman had left town for a few days, and Mr. — did not wish to take the responsibility upon himself of letting me have the hall free.

The next day I made application for nearly every school-house in town, but it was of no use, and at night I found I had only money enough to pay for a bed, and therefore missed my supper.

The next morning I paid for my lodging, and without breakfast, started out into the country. I walked on till about noon; then finding myself in a fine section of country, and a school-house in sight, I inquired who had it in charge; and was told that Mr. B—— was the director. Calling at Mr. B——'s residence I found himself and a great number of his workmen at dinner.

After having finished their repast, I introduced myself and business to Mr. B—— by handing my Elder's certificate which I had received from the First Presidency. He read it in silence and as he handed it back to me said: "So you are a Mormon preacher, are you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Well, then, the sooner you leave my house the better you will suit me."

By this time he was pale with excitement and in a furious rage. I quietly asked him why he treated me in this manner. Said he, "It makes no difference to you why I do it, I tell you to leave—if you had been a minister of any other doctrine under heaven, I would have asked you to have dinner, but I want you to go, and I have no explanation to give you."

"Very well, sir, I will leave as you request. I came here to you with the gospel of Jesus Christ, but you drive me from your house without a cause; good day, sir." It is needless to add that I was cast down in my feelings.

I walked on all afternoon, weary and faint, without making any attempt to get a place in which to hold meetings, or to call on any one by the way side to tell them of the important message I had to deliver.

An hour before sun-set I stopped at a house, telling the good people living in it that I was a servant of God in want of refreshments, and they kindly provided a lunch for me. Being restless in my spirit, I journeyed on. At dusk I arrived at the little village of Rockfalls; made some inquiries about the school-house in which I desired to speak, but was informed that Mr. —— was the director, and that he lived some three miles out of the village. Several attempts to get lodgings for the night resulted in failures; and at last I resolved to go to see the school-director, thinking perhaps I could get lodgings with him, and also arrange to hold some meetings in the school-house.

When I arrived at his place it was nine o'clock at night. He denied me the use of the school-house, and also refused to give me lodgings; saying, that perhaps his brother, who lived about half a mile further on, would accommodate me. I called at his brother's place, telling him who I was and explaining my business to him. He coolly informed me that a few miles distant, I would find a village and a hotel; where, for the money, I could find both supper and bed. He didn't wish to keep me. As I wandered out over the prairie, I concluded that I would be obliged to make the grass my couch for the night. Selecting a place, and making a pillow of my valise, I sought comfort in

"The death of each day's life; sore labor's bath;
Balm of hurt minds—sleep."

But all in vain. No sooner would the bewitching goddess woo me into a delightful state of semi-unconsciousness than the festive mosquito with his unwelcome singing, and shortly afterwards by his more painful pumping at my life's current, would arouse me from my slumber; and these things, together with the heavy dew that was falling and my aching limbs, made me realize that I was still in this "breathing world" of woe.

All night long I kept up my unequal warfare with the mosquitos and other insects—rolling and tossing about the whole night through. At last the morning came. The mosquitos became less ravenous, or I became less sensitive of their attacks, and dropped off into a feverish sleep. When I awoke the sun was at least an hour high, but still the fog-mists hung about the stream near which I had spent the night. I was wet through and as I arose to a sitting posture, exclaimed: "Well, this is a pretty hard way to serve the Lord!" The words had scarcely died on my lips, when a voice softly said, "You were told to go to Rockford." I leaped to my feet, looked around me—I was alone for aught I could see, but that sentence uttered so calmly, was ringing in my ears and seemed to burn in my mind. Raising my voice almost to a shout, I said, "So I was; and to Rockford I'll go!" Those few words revealed to me the whole reason of my treatment for the last two days—the Lord was not preparing the way before me as He had hitherto done, and the difference was very perceptible—I was in the wrong way.

After bathing my face in the river, I started to retrace my steps. My limbs were stiff at first, but walk became easier as I warmed up to the work. About ten o'clock I reached the home of my friend who had so kindly given me food the day before, and again he administered to me. In the evening I reached Mason City.

My mail had been forwarded to this place, and fortunately I received a letter from a friend who had sent me two dollars to assist me in my labors. This enabled me to take the cars within a few miles of West Fork—the point from which I started to Mason City. From whence I turned my face in the direction of Rockford; where, in a few days, I arrived.

This experience to me was very severe, as the darkness of my mind and the despondency of spirit were more fruitful fountains of grief than what ever of physical inconvenience I had to endure; but if the Son of God, as quoted at the head of this article, had to "*Learn obedience* by the things which He suffered," it is not surprising that we, who are so much weaker than He, have to learn in the same manner.

WATCHING FOR HELP.

WERE you ever nearly drowned? Ah, yes! I daresay that way—in a river or in the sea. But were you ever nearly drowned by the very ground under your feet turning into a sea all in a moment? Well, I have; and I shan't forget it in a hurry.

This was how it happened: I was in Demerara a good many years ago, and had pretty nearly run through my money, and didn't know what to turn to next, when I fell in with an old Portugese chap, very well to do, who took a fancy to me, and offered to take me up the country with him as a *vaquero*, that's to say, a fellow who has charge of cattle. This just suited me; for the pay was pretty good, and the work came quite natural to me after being a stockman in Australia; and I was glad enough to have a mouthful of fresh prairie air, after all the heat and bad smells of this nasty hole, where I expected every minute to be down with Yellow Jack (the yellow fever). So I said, Done! and away we went.

Our station (*my* station at least, for the old fellow owned more than a dozen altogether) was out on a great flat plain

about midway across the Llanos, as they call the prairies between the Amazon and the Orinoco. My chum was an old Spanish *Caueho* from La Plata; and a queer little hut we had to live in as ever you saw. It was just a row of poles with basket-work between them, smeared all over with mud mixed with grass, and a lot of reeds and palm-leaves for a thatch. We had a charcoal brazier by way of a fire, and two or three pans and earthen *ollas* (bowls) to do our cooking in, and a little lamp filled with beef fat to light us at night, and two horse-rugs to lie on; and there we were. And my mate was just as queer as the house; a long, lean, black-looking fellow, like a half-burned stick, with great black eyes, and a moustache that he could almost tie behind him. He was terribly superstitious (I've seen him go a mile out of his way to avoid a raven that was sitting croaking on a bush), and he had a little picture of his patron saint stuck up in the corner where he slept, and never turned in without crossing himself to it a dozen times at least. But, for all that he was tough as whipcord, and took his share of the work like a man; and, take him altogether, he wasn't half a bad fellow.

We had a pretty quiet life of it, as you may think. Sometimes, when we drove the cattle from pasture to pasture, we'd meet some of the other *vaqueros*, and have a jollification, and spin yarns, and sing, and be as jolly as could be: but that was only now and then; and very often, for weeks together, we didn't see a living soul.

I'd been there about a year and a half, when there came on such a heat and drought that all we'd had before was nothing to it. The grass shriveled up like tinder, and the poor beasts lay about in it, with their tongues lolling out, panting as if they were choked. Old Jose and I were at our wits' end, and all the more because we were mortally afraid of a prairie fire, and durstn't even light our pipes for fear of a spark catching the dry grass. I think that month was about the ugliest bit I ever had. There was a rocky bluff not far from our hut, with a kind of platform on the top of it, mounted on posts, and with a notched log against it for a kind of stair; but who put it there, and what it was for, I never knew. On that platform I used to sit, hour after hour, straining my eyes for the least sign of a cloud; but no, not a bit of it; everywhere the same bright, sunny, glorious sky, while, down below, cattle were dying and pastures scorching to tinder, just as if it was mocking our misery.

At last I got fairly worn out with it; and one day, as we were riding home after going over the whole run, finding the poor beasts lying dead in scores, and the *zopilotes* (vultures) flopping down upon them before they were cold, I slapped my fist on my knee, and says:

"Oh! if I could only bring water from anywhere, I wouldn't care if I brought enough to drown us all!"

Old Jose looked up at me with his great, hollow eyes, and then said, very solemnly, "Don't talk like that, my friend, or who knows but you may be taken at your word!"

His look, and the way he said it, sent a sort of chill all over me; and that night we were both very silent. I noticed that, before turning in, he kept on praying and crossing himself twice as long as he generally did; and I went to bed feeling very uncomfortable, though I couldn't have told why.

Then I began to dream that there was a great battle going on somewhere, and all the air was filled with the roar of the cannonade. Then the ground shook, and a great mass of cavalry came charging right up to where I lay. I tried to start up and run from it, but I seemed pinned to the ground;

and the rush came upon me and passed over me—and then I started and awoke.

I awoke not a moment too soon. The noise was real, but it was a different kind of danger. Far as my eye could reach, the whole plain was one sheet of water, foaming, leaping, rushing like a mill-race; and the sky was black as ink but for a flash of lightning now and then, and the rain pouring like a waterfall, and the thunder rolling as if it would split the very sky. The Orinoco floods were out, and I *was* "taken at my word" with a vengeance!

There was no time to think of it. We clutched our blankets and provision-bags, and rushed to the horses. You may be sure we weren't long mounting, but by the time we got out our beasts we were knee-deep and more. Of course our only chance was to make for the bluff; but, upon my word, I thought we should never get there, for the swirl of the current was like nothing I ever felt. We were hardly out of the hut when I saw it go like a house of cards; and though it was barely three hundred yards to the bluff, our horses were swimming more than once before we reached it. Just at the foot of the slope Jose's horse stumbled and fell, crushing the poor old chap under him. I jumped down and pulled him out; but he was hurt so that he couldn't walk, and I had to carry him to the top (and a tough job it was, too, with the slippery ground and pelting storm), while the horses clambered up after us.

I set down poor old Jose under the platform, and then made shift, with the blankets and a few dry branches, to rig up a sort of tent to keep the rain off him a bit. Then I set my back against one of the posts, and waited for the dawn.

Jose's horse (who was rather the worse of the fall too) lay down close by, and mine came and stood over him, and rubbed his nose against the other one's neck, as if he were trying to cheer him up.

I thought that night would never end; but day came at last, and a pretty sight we saw when it did! All below us was one great sea of dull grey water, and here we were, shut up on this little island, dripping wet, and with next to no food, to wait till the flood came down, or somebody came to help us. However, the rain left off by-and-by, and the sun came out and warmed us, and I took a mouthful of food and felt a bit better. But poor old Jose was past that. He sank lower and lower, do what I would—couldn't eat, or stand up, or anything. The second night he got wrong in the head, and began talking a lot of stuff about Indians, and prairie fires, and what not; on the third evening, just as the sun was going down, he died as quietly as a child. And there I was, left all alone on this island, with the flood all around me, a dead man to keep me company, and not a morsel of food left!

At first I thought of killing the horses; for although they'd got thin enough, there was enough on them to keep me a good bit; but I remembered how they had saved our lives, and I thought I'd give them one more chance for their own. So then I set about burying my old chum. The ground was softer about half the way down the hill, and there, with my knife and a bit of sharp stick, I managed to dig a grave; and I put him in and pressed down the earth upon him, and then sat down by the grave, feeling so lonely and down-hearted that I wished somebody would do as much for me.

But that went off after a bit, and I climbed the hill again, and got up on the platform, and sat watching. I think, if I ever prayed in my life I did then; and it seemed to comfort me a bit, though no help came. I slept under the tent that

night, and next morning, the first thing, I went up on the platform again, and stuck there all day.

It was wearing towards evening, and I was just thinking that I *must* kill one of the horses, when all at once, far away to the north, I spied something floating, that looked like a boat. And it *was* a boat, sure enough, though I could hardly believe it, for I was rather far gone by this time; and when I saw the men stand up and wave their caps to me, I came very near tumbling off the platform altogether. However, when they got close underneath, I managed to scramble down to them; and they told me that the next gang to us had escaped to the higher grounds just before the flood began, but that, seeing nothing of us, they got frightened and gave the alarm; and so the rescue was sent, none too soon.

I left the country soon after, and I haven't been there since; but as I said just now, I haven't forgotten that job yet, and what's more, I don't think I ever shall.—*Selected.*

PALESTINE OR JUDEA.

BY J. H. W.

ABOUT ten thousand miles distant from the central portion of America, and situated nearly in the center of the eastern continent lies a very peculiar country. At various times it has received different names, such as "Caanan," "The Land of Promise," "Judea," "The Holy Land," etc., but at the present time it is commonly called "Palestine." Its extent is about three hundred and sixty miles from north to south, and one hundred from east to west. Bounded on the north by the ridge, or divide, which separates the waters of the Euphrates from those of the Pharpar and Jordan, on the east by the western limits of the Arabian desert, on the south by the rocky hills of Arabia Petrea, and on the west by the Mediterranean sea, this region possesses a great diversity of climate, soil and landscape. Perhaps there is no district on the face of the globe containing so many and such sudden transitions, being at once a land of mountains, plains and valleys.

At the extreme north commences two parallel ranges of limestone mountains extending through the country in nearly a southern direction. The western range is the highest and most regular and is known in the scriptures as Mount Lebanon. Some of its peaks rise to the height of thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and are crowned with snow nearly or quite the whole year. From the summit of this range, to the shore of the Mediterranean sea is a distance of about thirty miles, and down this slope flow many beautiful streams, among which is the river Orontes. It was near the spot where this stream empties into the sea that the city of Tyre was situated, whose king, Hiram, aided Solomon in the construction of the great Temple. And it was from the beautiful trees that grew on Mount Lebanon that Solomon selected the timber to support the roof and to adorn that beautiful building. The eastern range is not so high, but more irregular. Its most noted peak is Mount Hermon, ten thousand feet high. In modern times this range has received the name of Anti-Lebanon; but anciently it had many names according to the name of the country, or the tribe that inhabited the district. Hence we often meet in scripture with such names as the following: "Mountains of Naphtali," "Hills of Galilee," "Hill Country of Judea," "Mount Tabor," "Hills of Nazareth," "Mountains of Ephraim," "Hills of Benjamin," etc.

On the eastern boundary are the scattered mountains known as Mountains of Gilead, Mountains of Ammon and Mountains of Moab. But the most distinctive feature in the geography of Palestine is the valley of the Jordan. This valley is more than three hundred miles in length, and from ten to twenty miles in breadth. In many respects it resembles Salt Lake Valley. Like this, it is hemmed in on all sides by mountains; like this, it has a fresh water lake which is emptied by the river Jordan into the bitter waters of a Dead Sea, having no visible outlet with any other body of water. But with these differences, the Jordan of Palestine flows not in a northern, but in a southern direction; the Jordan of Palestine has a much more rapid descent, than the Jordan of Utah. Where it issues from its source into the little lake, called the "Waters Meram," it has an elevation of two thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. Rapidly descending it reaches the Sea of Galilee at an elevation of six hundred and fifty feet. This is a beautiful sheet of water about the size of Utah Lake, and resembling it in some respects. From thence the Jordan descends still more rapidly till it reaches its greatest depression in the chasm of the Dead Sea, the surface of whose waters are one thousand three hundred and sixteen feet below the level of the Mediterranean—the lowest spot on the surface of the globe.

The valley of the Great Salt Lake can be but little cultivated on the western side of the Jordan owing to the scarcity of water. But in Palestine it is that portion which lies to the east of the Jordan that is more destitute of water and consequently less inhabited.

Palestine, though lying within the parallels of latitude of Fillmore, Utah, and Tucson, Arizona, yet owing to its geological structure of lofty mountains and deep valleys it possesses a climate essentially different. On the higher slopes of Lebanon the Summer months are cool and pleasant as on our higher valleys of the Wasatch range; but in the deep valley of the Jordan, and on the shores of the Dead Sea the heat is as intense and debilitating as on the hottest plains of Mexico.

Properly speaking, there are but two seasons in Palestine, appropriately described as "Winter and Summer," "cold and heat," "seed time and harvest;" but on the mountain ranges the four seasons are distinctly perceptible. Though the loftier summits of Lebanon are covered with snow the year round, yet snow and ice are only occasionally seen in the vicinity of Jerusalem.

Commencing with the beginning of November the Winter rains continue with short intervals until March. Then follows the dry season shortly after; at first with clear atmosphere, verdant fields, and flowery shrubs; then later, with hazy skies, intense heat, parched soil and diminished streams, till, at length, Autumn succeeds, with its luscious fruits, and atmosphere of unsurpassed balminess.

But whatever is beautiful in the scenery of Palestine is peculiar to the north. There the beholder is charmed, especially in Spring time, with rippling brooks and sylvan lakes; with leaping cascades, and rushing rivers; with green plains and fertile valleys, and with lofty mountains, whose higher summits are capped with perpetual snow, and down whose furrowed sides rush a thousand torrents.

In the south of Palestine there is a sameness of outline and color that wearies the eye, and makes one sigh for variety. Though forbidding in aspect and apparently sterile, yet, considering the nature of the soil, the kind of crops it is best adapted to produce, and the crude husbandry here practiced,

the flinty region of Southern Palestine is equal in productiveness to many of the best portions of Europe and America. All that can be reasonably demanded of a country is to yield in fair proportion, the grains or fruits adapted to the climate. The stony soil of Southern Palestine is peculiarly adapted to the olive and the vine, and one acre of the surface of Mount Olivet, planted with olive trees and carefully tended, would yield more through the exchanges of commerce toward human subsistence than an equal tract of the richest land of Western Europe or America planted with grain or fruit trees. While, as in the days of old, wheat and barley, grapes and olives are the staple productions, there are also raised in great abundance nearly every vegetable of temperate or semi-tropical climates. There are also cultivated in all their deliciousness, figs, apricots, peaches, plums, oranges, lemons, citrons, limes, pomegranates, apples, pears, dates, bananas, quinces, cherries, almonds and walnuts. In many districts cotton and tobacco are extensively cultivated, while in all sections herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats are raised for food and raiment. Possessing a climate marked with the peculiarities of the three zones, the frigid, the temperate and the torrid, and yielding annually such harvests of grains and fruits for the sustenance of more than a million and a half of people, the Promised Land, might by the blessing of God and an enlightened government, become a marvel of fertility and beauty.

EASY SCIENCE LESSONS.

BY SUNNY.

NITROGEN.

THE element, nitrogen, exists as a permanent gas without color, taste or smell. In bulk, it forms about four-fifths of the entire atmosphere, there being a slight difference in its specific gravity and that of atmospheric air, the former being the lighter; hence, the proportion of nitrogen, by weight, is not so great as that of bulk. This gas is classed as a non-metal, and holds its rank among those most widely distributed throughout nature.

Nitrogen, unlike the elementary gases, oxygen and hydrogen, will not support combustion; nor, like oxygen, will it sustain animal life. Yet we breathe it, for three-fourths of the atmosphere is nitrogen; but, were it not for the life-supporting element, oxygen, we could not live. However, diluted as it is in the atmosphere with oxygen, it not only becomes harmless, but serves an important part in the economy of nature.

Nitrogen is a necessary and most important constituent of the solid and fluid substances of all animal life. For this reason animal matter is designated nitrogenized matter; still nitrogen is to be found in many products of the vegetable kingdom.

The power of nitrogen to insinuate itself into so many compounds, as a constituent element is very remarkable on account of its chemical affinities being so weak. This, no doubt, offers an explanation to the extremely explosive character of some compounds of nitrogen, the elements, being held very loosely together, are easily separated by some mechanical force, as friction, percussion, etc.; such as nitro-glycerine, gunpowder and iodide of nitrogen, which latter, when dry, explodes upon the slightest friction, as the rubbing of a feather or the touch of the finger, and sometimes, apparently, without any cause whatever.

I believe chemists hold that nitrogen does not unite with any one element directly, but joins on to a number of them at once. Easily obtained, however, easily lost; prone to decomposition, or resolving into its elements again under the least disturbing influence.

This element unites with oxygen (by complicated reactions) in five different proportions. It unites with hydrogen in the proportion, by weight, of fourteen parts of nitrogen to three of hydrogen to form ammonia gas. It unites with oxygen, forming a compound known to persons much troubled with the toothache as "laughing gas." It unites with both metals and non-metals (though not directly), to form gases, liquids and solids; in fact, nitrogen variously unites with many elements and compounds, producing substances which greatly vary in their character and properties.

ON PICKET DUTY.

"OH, Rob, how heedless you are!" cried Fannie, "I told you to be sure you shut the door when you went out. You didn't do it and now the biscuits are so cold they won't be light in time to bake for tea."

"I'm sorry Fan—truly I am—but I forgot all about it."

"I suppose you did. It would be a comfort if you could ever remember anything."

At the supper table Mrs. Bertram asked: "Rob, did you do that errand at Gleason's?"

"Oh, mamma, I'm awful sorry! The boys wanted me to play ball, and I thought I'd go there when we came home, and then I forgot it."

"Did you go to the post office?" asked his father.

Rob's face showed plainly that he had forgotten that, too.

"I should think a boy of sixteen was old enough to remember a few things," remarked Mr. Bertram; but Rob's untrustworthy memory had become such an old story that little comment was made.

"I wish I'd lived in war times," exclaimed our hero a few days later, as he laid down an exciting book he had just finished. "The battles must have been grand, but I think I should have liked picket-duty, too. What an inspiration it would be to a man, as he walked back and forth in the dark, to remember that perhaps the safety of the whole army lay in his keeping!"

His mother shook her head. "I don't think you would have made a good picket."

"Now, mother, why not?" asked Rob, quite indignant that his patriotism should be thus assailed.

"I doubt whether you would have believed in a danger you couldn't see, and so you would have laid down your gun and been at the mercy of the lurking foe."

"Why, mother, a fellow would be a fool to do that."

Mrs. Bertram smiled.

"Did you ever see me do anything so silly?"

"Very recently."

Rob only looked his incredulity.

"The comfort of a family, if not the safety of an army, often lies in your keeping, and you often prove a very negligent picket. You surrender to the first temptation that presents itself, with no better excuse than 'I forgot.' It was he who was faithful in little things who was made 'ruler over many things'—*Etc.*

STATISTICAL REPORT
OF THE
DESERT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.
FOR THE YEAR 1883.

STATES.	STATISTICAL DATA																			FINANCIAL DATA			NAMES OF SUPERINTENDENTS			
	No. of Schools Reported.	No. of Schools not Reported.	No. of Male Officers and Teachers.	No. of Female Officers and Teachers.	Total No. of Officers and Teachers.	Average Attendance, Officers and Teachers.	No. of Male Pupils.	No. of Female Pupils.	Total No. of Pupils.	Average Attendance, Pupils.	Total No. of Officers, Teachers and Pupils.	No. Theological Classes.	No. Bible and Testament Classes.	No. Book of Mormon Classes.	No. Doctrine and Covenants Classes.	No. Juvenile Instructor Classes.	No. Catechism Classes.	No. Miscellaneous Classes.	Total No. Classes.	No. Books in Library.	Amt. of Funds on Hand, end of Last Year.	Amount of Funds Collected.		Amount of Funds Disbursed.	Amount of Funds in Treasury.	
Bear Lake . .	18		152	104	256	165	856	779	1,635	1,014	1,891	3	49	16	7	1	4	83	162	603	29 87	256 58	214 92	71 53	A. Galloway.	
Beaver . . .	5		58	42	100	65	259	315	574	380	674	3	10	5	3	7	21	25	47	280	109 25	62 25	47 00	W. Kotheringham.		
Box Elder . .	23	2	214	143	357	236	965	925	1,890	1,297	2,247	7	51	33	19	7	21	120	258	1,773	87 54	393 08	251 57	129 05	J. C. Wixom.	
Cache . . .	45		517	305	822	564	2,576	2,424	5,000	3,491	5,822	34	131	37	22	22	55	209	510	2,313	197 04	568 02	581 93	183 13	C. W. Nibley.	
Davis . . .	13	2	119	91	210	150	904	841	1,745	987	1,955	13	29	16	7	5	6	63	139	2,207	52 44	372 55	343 43	81 56	N. T. Porter, Sen.	
Eastern Arizona	14	1	114	84	198	126	453	404	857	591	1,055	6	18	12	6	2	7	75	123	313	11 82	60 15	59 47	12 50	John A. West.	
Emery . . .	6	1	74	45	119	74	234	163	397	289	516	6	8	2	4	4	9	98	67	319	6 10	45 85	38 40	2 50	Peter Johnson.	
Utah . . .	5	1	67	43	110	71	427	399	826	486	936	6	11	4	2	3	3	41	75	550	76 80	45 85	38 40	2 50	Wm. Paxman.	
Kanab . . .	7		60	62	122	86	261	252	513	389	635	4	5	2	1	1	5	38	56	91	29 00	13 76	38 46	4 30	Allen Frost.	
Little Colorado	3	1	22	6	28	16	52	30	82	61	110	1	1	2	1	1	3	12	20	183	30 00	30 00	38 46	4 30	F. G. Nielson.	
Maricopa . .	3		12	18	30	18	149	161	310	179	340	5	4	2	2	2	1	16	27	118		1 75			George Passey.	
Millard . . .	8		100	72	172	111	547	515	1,062	695	1,234	6	22	13	5	2	12	49	109	700	49 85	185 38	155 36	79 87	Thos. C. Callister.	
Morgan . . .	13		80	42	122	76	341	286	627	400	749	4	23	5	3	3	5	43	83	397	14 97	103 55	97 92	20 60	J. K. Hall.	
Panguitch . .	9		71	59	130	93	239	250	489	338	619	1	14	16	3	2	6	41	81	366	32 46	43 60	29 70	46 36	Riley G. Clark.	
Parowan . .	5	1	64	50	114	65	300	289	589	398	703	1	20	9	3	2	2	43	80	735	43 48	51 40	52 47	42 41	R. W. Heyborne.	
Salt Lake . .	39		586	332	918	657	3,649	3,653	7,284	4,965	8,202	41	140	66	26	8	15	277	573	6,662	620 44	1,926 49	1,926 02	886 91	John C. Cutler.	
Sanpete . . .	19		273	228	501	340	1,332	1,520	2,852	2,255	3,353	17	76	19	14	10	17	148	301	2,645	56 37	395 72	385 82	66 27	John B. Mathen.	
San Juan . .	3		17	16	33	19	48	60	108	86	141	1	2	2	2	2	2	14	23	93	23 50	23 50	21 50	2 00	Jas. B. Decker.	
San Luis . .	4		36	23	59	24	125	149	274	151	333	2	7	2	2	2	2	21	34	279	1 30	67 32	53 80	14 82	Wm. Christensen.	
Sewer . . .	22	2	185	151	336	196	800	771	1,571	1,115	1,907	10	35	20	9	2	14	103	193	1,130	73 08	108 28	152 97	28 39	Hans P. Miller.	
St. George . .	21		151	124	275	201	667	646	1,313	1,000	1,588	2	48	24	10	4	4	100	192	1,246	54 32	405 49	379 39	80 42	A. R. Whitehead.	
St. Joseph . .	5		54	41	95	33	195	215	410	197	505	1	3	4	4	4	3	24	39	234	26 52	183 94	203 29	7 17	John Boyden.	
Sunnit . . .	11	2	92	51	143	93	449	452	901	588	1,044	4	22	5	5	3	6	41	94	352	65 51	232 40	257 50	60 41	Wm. Jeffries.	
Tropic . . .	8		84	50	134	93	352	305	657	502	791	10	17	12	5	3	6	41	94	352	65 51	232 40	257 50	60 41	Wm. Jeffries.	
Utah . . .	21		465	266	731	500	2,202	2,514	4,716	3,230	5,447	27	135	62	20	11	27	213	495	4,965	326 27	1,319 56	1,112 24	533 58	David John.	
Wasatch . .	8		92	71	163	105	385	465	850	639	1,013	4	17	4	3	2	1	64	95	629	55 99	170 88	198 28	28 64	S. J. Wing.	
Weber . . .	24		277	183	460	318	1,546	1,421	2,967	2,010	3,427	15	75	33	19	4	12	142	300	3,228	150 18	689 83	663 94	176 07	R. Ballantyne.	
TOTALS	362	13	4,036	2,702	6,738	4,495	29,313	20,186	40,499	27,733	47,237	225	974	431	205	95	242	2,089	4,261	32,862	2,061 36	8,151 07	7,577 83	2,634 59		

No report for 1883 was received from one of the smaller Stakes, it is therefore represented by that of the previous year.
This Report, compared with that of the previous year, shows an increase of 1 new Stakes, 55 new Sunday Schools, 743 officers and teachers, and 4,834 scholars. The total increase in numbers is 5,577. The total number enrolled in those Sunday Schools that have sent in reports for the year 1883, is 47,237.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, General Superintendent,

GEORGE GODDARD, 1st Asst. Gen. Superintendent,

JOHN MORGAN, 2nd Asst. Gen. Superintendent.

LEVY W. RICHARDS, Secretary,

GEORGE REYNOLDS, Treasurer,

JNO. C. CUTLER, Asst. Secy. and Asst. Treasurer.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



In a letter from St. Charles, Bear Lake County, under date of April 15th, Bro. A. Galloway calls our attention to a conflict of views respecting the Garden of Eden, and where it was situated.

Brother Galloway quotes the statement which has been made, that the Garden of Eden was in Jackson County, Missouri. The Prophet Joseph is frequently quoted as the author of this statement. We do not remember to have seen this published by him; but it is generally believed that he did make it, and that the Garden of Eden was in Jackson County, Missouri. Our own belief is that this was the place of its location.

But Brother Galloway calls our attention to a statement which appears in Vol. 17 of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, (page 182) under the head of "Antediluvial Geography," where it is stated that,

"Prior to the flood, a large city, called Zion, was built by Enoch and his people upon the spot where was formerly the Garden of Eden. When the city and its inhabitants were perfected, the city and the earth upon which it stood were taken up to a place in the heavens; that the cavity thus made is now called the Gulf of Mexico," etc.

This statement we do not view as correct. The Prophet Brigham Young is authority for the belief that the city which Enoch built and the earth upon which it stood formerly occupied that portion which is now called the Gulf of Mexico. This is the general view taken by the leading Elders of the Church; but it is not believed that the Garden of Eden occupied this same place anterior to the building of Enoch's city. The writer of the article, "Antediluvial Geography," from which this extract is taken, may have had in view, when he wrote it, the words of the hymn:

"There they shunned the power of Satan,
And observed celestial laws;
For in Adam-ondi-Ahman,
Zion rose where Eden was."

But this is written with poetic license, and, while true in a general sense, it is not sufficient warrant for the belief that the city which Enoch built occupied the place where the Garden of Eden was planted. In fact, the Prophet Joseph pointed out to the Saints, and the place was visited by many Elders, where Adam offered sacrifice, and which was known by the Saints of Missouri as Adam-ondi-Ahman, it being on Grand River, in Davies County, Missouri.

In our last number we gave a brief description of the services at the Temple at Logan. In our allusion to the choir we did not do the singers and their talented and skillful leader the justice they deserve. We were charmed, as all present doubt-

less were also, with their singing. They entered into the spirit of the occasion with fervor and zeal, and their singing contributed largely to the impressiveness of the services. We did not know at the time, that which we learn from the following communication, that the Anthem sung at that time was the production of Brother Evan Stephens, or we should have taken pleasure in giving him the credit which he so well merits:

LOGAN, CACHE Co., June 3, 1884.

Editor Juvenile Instructor,

Dear Brother:

In connection with the account of the dedication of the Logan Temple, I am sorry that you failed to make mention of the Anthem which was sung by the Logan Choir at the dedication meeting on Saturday. This excellent piece of music, together with the words, are the production of Evan Stephens, Esq., who composed it especially for the occasion. It is styled, *Song of the Redeemed*. It was sung with good effect by the Choir, but probably a better rendition was given in the Tabernacle on Sunday afternoon, the arrangement of the singers being more advantageous to the blending of the voices. In regard to the Anthem itself, it is sufficient to say that it does justice to the author, whose reputation is established.

ALEX. LEWIS.

AN inquiry has been addressed to us, as Superintendent of Sunday schools for the Territory, as follows:—

"Is it right or politic for those who attend mission or free schools, as they are termed, during the week, to be employed as teachers in our Sunday schools when others can be found who do not patronize these institutions?"

We were surprised to hear that there were any Latter-day Saints, who claimed to have any standing in our Church, attended such schools as are here described. These free or mission schools have been established in this Territory for the express purpose of leading our children from the faith of their parents. Those who support them are induced to give their money for this purpose. Those who take part in them as superintendents or teachers have no other object in view. They are intended as an agency to destroy us. Whoever attends them, therefore, must partake more or less of the spirit of unbelief and cannot long remain friendly to us as a people. Of course such persons are entirely unfit to be teachers of our children in Sunday schools, and no superintendent should allow such persons to act in that capacity.

THE TWO MEN INSIDE.—An old Indian once asked a white man to give him some tobacco for his pipe. The man gave him a loose handful from his pocket.

The next day he came back and asked for the white man; "For," said he, "I found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco."

"Why don't you keep it?" asked a bystander.

"I've got a good man and a bad man here," said the Indian, pointing to his breast; "and the good man say, 'It is not mine; give it back to the owner.' The bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, and it is your own now.' The good man say, 'No no; you must not keep it.' So I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep, but the good and the bad men kept talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back I feel good."

Like the old Indian, we have all a good man and a bad man within. The bad man is Temptation, the good man is Conscience, and they keep talking for and against many things that we do every day.—Ex.

DRINK DID IT.

"YOU may be assured, friend Bernard, I will do my utmost, for I believe you are innocent, but the prosecution seem confident of your conviction. Good-day! God cheer and help you!"

These were the words of Lawyer P—— to his friend Bernard W——, who was languishing in a dismal cell awaiting his trial on a charge of robbery and arson.

"I know you will, my dear friend," sobbed the prisoner, "and God will reward you for your trouble, for He knows I am innocent of such crimes as those with which I am charged."

Bernard W—— had been a very successful salesman in a large mercantile establishment. By politeness, close attention to business and strict integrity he had gained the confidence of his employers and had made firm friends of numerous associates. But a dark hour came. He opened wide the door of his then blessed home to a man with whom he had had an acquaintance of some months, and whom he supposed to be a true friend. This man made Bernard frequent visits and occasionally induced him to go out for an evening walk with him. After a time Bernard was introduced by his supposed friend into the society of the so-called aristocracy of the city in which he lived. Here he was offered wine, which he at first refused, then sipped to please his friends and afterwards drank to please himself. Thus was his inherent passion for drink aroused. Wine was not enough, he must have liquor. One glass did not satisfy, he could not live without more. He visited the saloons, drank with the drunkard and associated with the vile. His wife, child, business and religion were neglected, if not forgotten.

One day his last cent had been spent for drink and still his thirst was unallayed. He tried to borrow of him who had thus led him to such degradation. But no, the latter had no means to spare. Thinking, however, that want had now

driven Bernard to desperation, and that he would be willing to do anything for money, he proposed that they together make a raid upon a certain business house. He had already planned the wicked deed and only wanted someone to help him in the undertaking; but Bernard W——, depraved as he had become, was not the man to do it. His integrity was still a part of his nature, and he indignantly refused to lend his aid to such a deed.

"What he will not do willingly, I must by stratagem get him to do," thought his destroyer. He accordingly "treated" him to liquor until his reason was befogged, and then sought to use him as a tool to effect his wicked purposes.

The next thing Bernard W—— knew was when he was aroused from his sleep in the gutter by crackling flames and on arising to move away was seized by the police and hurried to jail, where he was left to silently sleep off his stupor. Here was where Lawyer P—— found him.

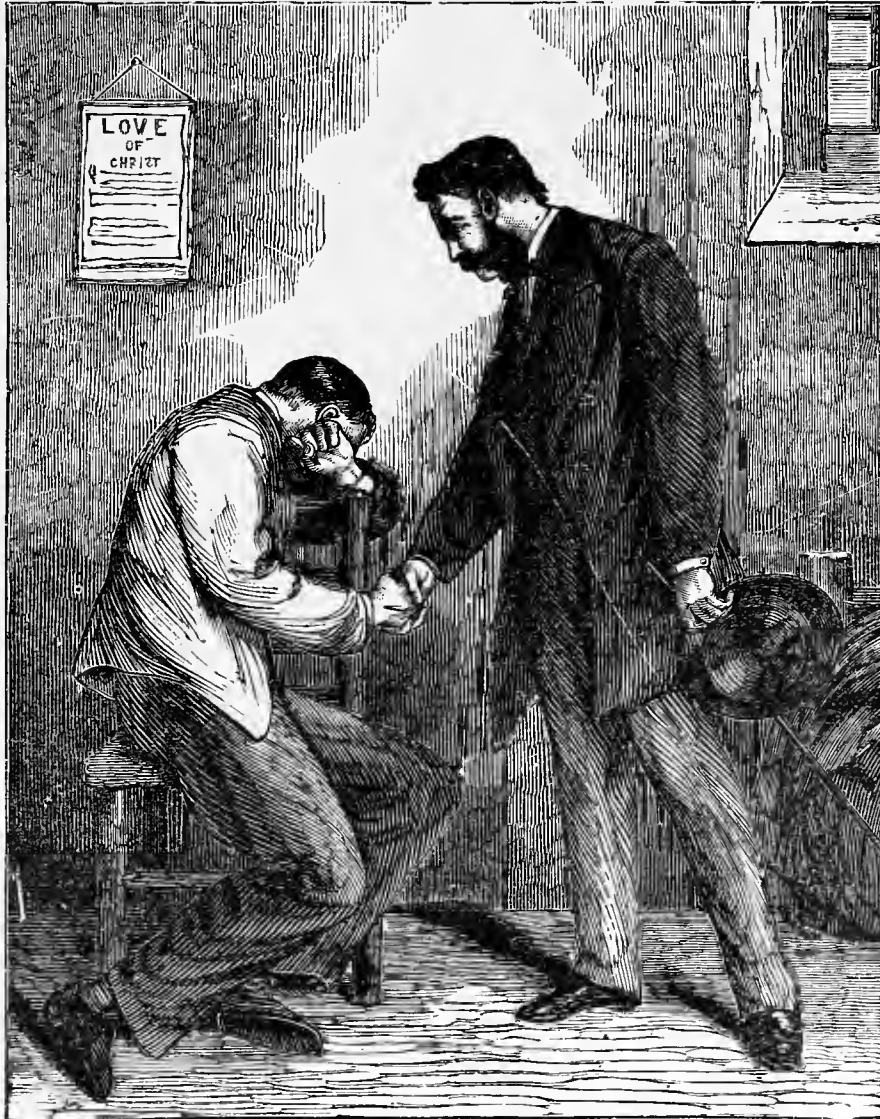
The day of trial came and with it his sentence to "ten years hard labor," for witnesses testified to having seen him and another man emerge from the burning building, but who the other man was no one seemed to know. The judgment was almost like a death blow to Bernard, and his poor wife, who was present, and had to be carried from the room. But tears were unavailing. Repentance came too late. Temperance pledges were

now vain, for drink had done its work and the condemned man went to prison.

Months passed until almost a year had fled since the conviction, when a noted burglar was captured. At his trial the facts in Bernard W——'s case were developed:

While the supposed culprit was in a drunken stupor his assumed friend had led him to the building to be robbed, but as Bernard was too drunk to be of any service he was pushed into the street where he afterwards was caught by the officers of the law.

These facts coming to light Bernard was released and



restored again to his family and friends. The bitter experience, however, thus gained taught him a lasting lesson. A drop of intoxicants never again passed his lips, and wherever he went he was free in relating his experience, thus warning others of the terrible results of indulging in drink.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

BY W. J.

DEATH, or the separation of the body and the spirit, is a principle that is not very well understood by mortals generally, and it is self-evident, doubtless, to the majority of cultured and reflecting minds, that it cannot be thoroughly understood only by experience.

The body is disposed of in a variety of ways. Some bodies are embalmed, some are cremated, some are sunk in ocean's depths, and some are entombed in the bosom of mother earth, all being destined to "return to dust" sooner or later, and therefore it is generally understood what becomes of the body of man until it *does* return to dust, although a mystery—or much ignorance—exists in regard to that dust, which only a knowledge of the resurrection power of God can remove; but the spirit passes away, and its whereabouts, condition and destiny are not generally understood, hence many singular and conflicting theories are entertained in regard to this matter. True, many religionists believe that "the spirit returns to God who gave it," and spends its time afterwards in singing ceaseless praises to God and the Lamb, or enduring the eternal torments of the damned; but even with such believers there is much difference of opinion and much uncertainty as to the future destiny of the spirits of the race of Adam.

This uncertainty is one cause of infidelity, for positive knowledge is expected of those who claim to be servants of God. The hell-fire doctrine taught by many is also another cause of much unbelief, for men reason that a kind, earthly parent would not consign innocent children to the flames of hell; neither would he doom the guilty to eternal torments in those flames, although he may punish them for the measure of guilt attaching to them; and certainly a "God of love," who is more merciful than man is capable of being, would not be guilty of being more brutal than the brute and more inhuman than man in the treatment of His offspring. Hence, differing opinions, clashing creeds, and antagonistic faiths, and, in many instances, no faith at all in religious systems or in a future existence; and a very large majority of the children of men cling to life, and dread death as the king of terrors. And when this king of terrors, which none can escape, does come to us, we pass away, missed but by a few and soon forgotten. The poet puts this idea thus:

"If you or I to-day should die,
The birds would sing the same to-morrow;
The vernal Spring the flowers would bring
And few would think of us with sorrow.
Yes, he is dead, would then he said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low, and Summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.
How soon we pass! How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold;
Whose faces fade with Autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodden grave-yard cold!

Yes, it is so—we come and go!

They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;

A day or more, the Winter o'er,

Another takes our place instead."

But are the dead forgotten? It is too often the case, no doubt, that they are forgotten too soon; but is it not true that we are remembered and thought of most in the sphere in which we move, and at the time we move in it, and by those we are then associated with? We are blessed with children, who are almost continually before our eyes, and whom we constantly remember and dearly love; but, through the providence of God, they pass into the spirit world, and our cup of sorrow overflows. Time passes. Other children are left us, and more are born to us, and, although we love the dear departed ones none the less, yet those we have with us are thought of oftenest, and, of necessity, receive the greatest share of our tenderest affections. We were born in the spirit world and loved and tenderly cared for there, but unthought of in this sphere of action, even if it existed. Later, we came on our earthly mission, were committed to the care of mortal parents, whose wealth of love we enjoy here, but we are kindly remembered and loved yet in our first estate, though under the special care of an earthly parentage. After a while, according to our Heavenly Father's programme, we pass from the care of an earthly parentage into the care and tutelage of those who, according to the order of God, have the management of affairs in the spirit world; and although we may be loved and often remembered either with pleasure or regret by those we have left behind in this probation, yet we have passed out of their reach, and are committed to the care, kindness and affection of those who have the watch-care over us in the sphere in which we then move. And this view of the matter appears to be reasonable, natural and correct.

Now, with regard to this dread of death. Why should death be dreaded as a terror at all, much less as the king of terrors? It is in the path of mortals. It is, like many other experiences, ordained for their exaltation.

"Death is the path which must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God."

Mortality cannot put on immortality without it. It is a stepping-stone to blessings indescribable. It is as necessary as a birth, at which there is much joy; and when a death occurs here, there is a birth in the spirit world, and joy there while there is sorrow here, when the righteous die. Then why not meet death joyfully and not sorrowfully? If there is uncertainty, or only partial knowledge, live pure and holy lives, and thus be prepared to meet anything that may transpire either here or in the spirit world. If men have to meet their fellows in the spirit world, let them treat them fairly and honorably, so that they may be prepared to meet them with joy at any time throughout the vast future. If it is the physical pain in the ordeal of death which is dreaded, it is reasonable to presume, and state from observation, that many of the ordeals of life are far more painful; and therefore the pains of dissolution are no more to be dreaded than they are. If it is a meeting with the angels of God which men dread, let them live blameless lives, and then those angels will rejoice over them, and welcome them to their angelic spheres. If men dread to meet the Great Judge of all—our Heavenly Father—why is it so? If the earthly child loves and obeys his mortal parent, he delights to meet him and embrace him, and be embraced by him—great joy is experienced by the loving and loved father and son, and it is separation, not meeting,

which is more or less painful, and to be dreaded. And why can it not be thus with us and our Heavenly Father? It can be. Let us make it thus. Let us learn the will of God concerning us in all things, and do it to the best of our ability henceforth and forever, and while thus operating we can be prepared for poverty or comparative affluence, for friends or foes either seen or unseen, for health or affliction, for prosperity or adversity, for storm or shine, for a long or a short life, and for the service of God while He permits us to tarry in mortality; we can acknowledge the hand of God in all things; we can welcome His providence with pleasure; we need have no dread of death; and if we receive an intimation that our sands of time have nearly run, we can wait for death as if we were waiting for a friend, who is going to deliver us from mortal pain and sorrow, and place us in a glorious state of existence, and introduce us to our Heavenly Parents and friends, from whom we have been long separated, to be joyously welcomed by them, and enjoy their society in celestial bliss for ever and ever. The righteous dread not death!

"It matters not at what hour of the day
The righteous fall asleep; death cannot come
To him untimely who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world, the more of heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

Lessons for the Little Ones.

THE STORY OF AN OLD MAN.

BY M. A. WHATMOUGH.

My dear young readers, I am going to write a story as a kind of parable, or riddle. I have chosen for my hero, an old man who lived in the days of Abraham. My story will be a very old one, as it is supposed Moses wrote of him five hundred and twenty years before Christ. We have no account of his parentage, yet we know he had many relations.

This good man conversed with God as one man talks with another. The Lord was very fond of him and gave him a great many riches, both gold and silver, camels, cattle, sheep and lambs. He also had many servants. Although he possessed so much wealth he did not lose his humility, for he walked blamelessly in all the ways of the Lord. My own thoughts give this good man the name of Justice Ornamental Brightness. His children were the joy of his heart. On several occasions in the year he would make a feast for them, supposed, by some, to be in honor of each birthday; and, for fear they had sinned in any way, he would rise early the next day and offer sacrifice to God to make atonement for them.

The Lord had His priests scattered in different parts of His big garden, or world, to instruct His children who required His watchcare; to teach them the ways of life and salvation. The principal ones were Melchizedek, who lived in Salem, afterwards called Jerusalem, Abraham, in Padan-aram, Jethro, in Midian, Potiphera, priest of On and Balaam, the son of Beor.

On a certain day the priests of the Most High met to worship, and Satan was found in their midst. God asked him where he had been and what he was doing. He said he was "traveling up and down in the earth, and to and fro in the earth."

The Lord said: "Hast thou considered my servant Justice, that there is none like him in the earth?"

"Yes, Thou hast set a hedge about him, his house and all that he has. Put forth Thine hand and smite him, and he will curse Thee to Thy face," was the remark of Satan.

The Lord replied, "Behold all that he hath is in thy power, only on himself thou mayest not lay thy hand."

Satan then departed. The next thing we hear is that one of the servants of Justice brought the news that the servants having charge of the cattle were killed while plowing in the field; and all the cattle and asses taken, and he was the only man left to tell the news.

While he was relating the news, another came saying that a fire came down from above and burned up all the sheep and killed all the servants but him. Before this one had finished another came saying that a great wind blew over his eldest son's house, where his children were holding a feast, and killed all who were in it. He now saw that he was bereft of all that made life happy, and there was nothing now to look to. So poor Justice arose and humbled himself, and rent his clothes, shaved his hair and bowed down to the earth and worshiped God.

Satan appeared a second time before the Lord, who asked him if he had caused Justice to sin against his God. Satan answered, "All that a man hath will he give for his life; but put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face. The Lord said, "He is in thine hand, only spare his life." Satan went from before the Lord and smote Justice from his feet to his head with boils and blains. His sufferings were very great; and his wife, the one who should have been his friend, said, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God, and die."

He mildly replied, "Thou speakest as the foolish women speaketh. What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"

In all this, Justice sinned not with his lips. He wondered what he had done to incur his Lord's displeasure that he should be so afflicted.

Priests came to him to comfort him but upbraided him instead. God reproved them for their unwise judgment, and for not standing by him and vindicating his innocence and truth against the ungodly people among whom he dwelt.

God came to Justice and told him to offer sacrifice for them, that He might accept of them again.

Satan could not make Justice sin, and God, instead of limiting him to his former wealth, doubled the amount. He also restored his children to him. When I was young I often wondered how his children could be restored to him, as his wife would then be too old to have children. It is now quite plain to me: God gave him another wife, by whom he had seven sons and three daughters. Do you mean to say God allowed him to have two wives at one time? That is just what I mean. Plural marriage was sanctioned by God in those days, as well as in our day. Did not the Savior say that they who would leave "houses and lands; home and friends; wife or children, for my sake and the gospel, shall receive a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting?"

God would not sanction a crime, and allow it to pass down unheeded from one generation to another. Nor would He bless the offspring of plural marriage, and make prophets and priests of them, if this form of marriage was a sin.

I will give my reason for choosing the name of Justice Ornamental Brightness for my hero. Justice was one of the leading traits in his character, and one of the attributes of God. He was ornamented with a meek and quiet spirit that would shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day. His scripture name is composed of the first letter of each name I have given, or, in other words, it is Job.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

Up to the window are three little heads,
Lucy's and Willie's, and two-year old Fred's;
What are they doing there, all in a row,
Bobbing up, bobbing down, every way so?

Watching for papa to come home to tea.
Dear is their papa to all of the three:

Which pair of little eyes sparkling and bright,
Think you will be the first to see him to-night?

Hark! who is that now whose footsteps they hear?
Far out their heads stretch to see him draw near;
Somebody's papa perhaps, but not theirs—
Up to the three eager faces he stares.

Back from the window bobs each little head;
"Papa make haste now," says dear little Fred;
Now they all see him just coming in sight:
Hark, how they clap hands, and scream with delight!

Happy at last, not a moment they wait,
Laughing and shouting they rush to the gate;
Joyfully papa the little troop meets,
Each rosy mouth with glad kisses he greets.

Up in his strong arms he takes little Fred,
Willie and Lucy go dancing ahead:
Into the house now all four of them come,
Mamma stands smiling her bright welcome home.

Pulling and tugging they make him sit down,
One brings the slippers, another his gown;
Round him they hover and chatter with glee,
While they are waiting the summons to tea.

Little they know how their sweet, loving ways
Comfort him after the wearisome days;
Arms full and lap full of dear little pets,
All of his worries and cares he forgets.

Travels in India.

BY WILLIAM FOTHERINGHAM.

(Continued from page 91.)

MY residence at Manickpatna for an extended period, and my dealings with the native population, gave me ample opportunities of becoming familiar with their spirit and disposition. As I have formerly stated, I found them to be tricky and unreliable, and on hand to do any kind of mischief for a trifling sum of money. They have no equals for self-abasement to their superiors; providing they think there is a pice or cent to be gained, they prostrate themselves, by falling down, with eight members, as they so call their abject mode of approach. The seal of oppression can be easily seen upon a race, whose ancestors have been under the heel of tyrants.

I found the description given by Omre on the government and people of Hindostan, not very far from the truth even at the time of my sojourn. He says, "The *harildar* plunders the village, and is himself fleeced by the *zemindar*, the *zemindar* by the *phousdar*, the *phousdar* by the *nabob* or his *duan* (the *duan* is the *nabob's* head slave), and the *nabob* com-

pounds on the best terms he can make with his *subah*, or the government; wherever this gradation was interfered with trouble ensued."

The people had been under this treatment by the Hindoo and Mahometan rulers from time immemorial, and these same offices still continued to exist when the East India Company assumed the reins of government, and in very many remote districts these native officers would run the business in their own way, and the poor villagers dared not remonstrate.

In every important town a guard was appointed whose calling was to hunt up and report infringements of the law. This guard was under the control of proper officers whose duties were to enforce and punish all minor offences and misdemeanors that interfered with the policy of the district. The more heinous crimes were brought before a more exalted tribunal called the *darban*. This class of ministers of justice were denominated the *catwall*, also the building where they sat to hear cases went by the same name. Around this place would be heard the clamors of the populace, some demanding redress for injury of an assault, others shouting that they had been defrauded, another would call for assistance to capture a thief, some offering themselves as bondsmen, others called upon for witnesses and the wails of unfortunates passing through the scourge, the whole making a complete picture of confusion and misery.

It was a custom among the Hindoos and it prevailed to a certain extent when I was there, that when a party was charged with an offense, and the prosecution was unable to substantiate the allegations, they would resort to the trial by ordeal, such as was in vogue in Europe during the dark ages. They have nine different modes of trial by ordeal, the first is, the party suspected of crime is placed on a pair of scales to ascertain his exact weight. After which the nature of the accusation alleged against him is written on a piece of paper and fastened on his forehead; after a few minutes he is weighed again. If he proves to be lighter then when first weighed, he is acquitted; but if heavier, he is adjudged guilty. The second ordeal consists of a trench dug in the ground, of such dimensions as will enable the party to run to and fro in it. The bottom of the trench is covered with hot coals from the pippal wood. The culprit is compelled to walk bare-footed on these embers; if he succeeds without burning his feet, he is innocent, and if not, he is deemed guilty. The third process is somewhat mixed. The accused stands in water nearly up to his waist by the side of a Brahman; an archer then shoots three arrows, when a runner starts to bring back the farthest arrow, as soon as he picks it up, another runner is dispatched for the next farthest, and so on. When the arrows were first shot the prisoner plunged head down into the water, holding on to the staff of the Brahman, if he came up to blow prior to all the arrows being brought to the archer by the runners, he was guilty, but if he remained under until the arrows were gathered in, he was innocent. The fourth mode consists of an earthen jar, containing a *cobra-di-capella*. In the same jar with the snake is a small coin or ring; the accused thrusts his uncovered hand and arm into the jar, among the coils of the cobra to fish the ring or coin, if he attains the object unbitten, he is innocent. The fifth species of ordeal is somewhat of a lottery. Two images of the gods are prepared, one of iron, the other of silver, or two pictures of a deity, one on black and the other on white cloth, and are rolled up in cow dung, all of which are placed in an earthen jar. If the man on trial draws from the jar the black picture or the iron image he is guilty, but if he happens to draw the other he is innocent.

In the sixth species, the accused has to take three drinks of water in which images of deities have been washed; if he lives through two weeks, without showing any signs of indisposition he is acquitted; but if he happens to take sick during that period his guilt is proved.

I have frequently observed the seventh species of ordeal tested, which was rather amusing, and was after this wise: If a small article of value should be missing, where several individuals were suspected of the theft, each was made to chew a quantity of dried rice. After chewing, each deposited his quantity upon a large leaf of a tree for inspection. Him from whose mouth the rice came dry or stained with blood was adjudged guilty. The religious ceremonies which accompanied the test were ludicrous, and were as interesting as a show. In the eighth species of ordeal, a man thrusts his hand into hot oil, and the ninth, he carries a red hot ball in his hand.

The following incident occurred while I was at Manickpatna: A young Musselman, who performed the duties of a laborer in the ship-yard, when putting up chips for his father to take home, was in the habit of mixing up ship-spikes with the sticks. The old man was overhauled one day and the stolen articles were found in his bundle of wood. The father and son were kept around the vessel during the night. They dressed the youth up with a paper hat and had the *mater*, one of the lowest caste, march him around the ship-yard beating a tom tom behind him. The artizans desired to put the old Musselman through the same ordeal, viewing him as an accomplice. He appealed to me for them to desist; for if they did humiliate him in this manner he would commit suicide. I told them to let the old man go his way; for I had no desire for a funeral just then.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

LESSONS TAUGHT BY OUR ENEMIES.

THE treatment extended to the Latter-day Saints at the present time reminds one very much of that extended to the Jews in former days. The history of that people is one continued detail of suffering and persecution. In almost every land they have been hated and treated with insult, abuse and contumely. Even now in some parts of Europe it is difficult to restrain the violence of the populace, who are ready on the slightest provocation to break loose upon them and treat them as they would wild beasts, so strong is the prejudice in the minds of the vulgar against them.

But a change has taken place, and among the educated there is a feeling of dread concerning the Jew. He is becoming a power in many parts of Europe through his wealth. A distinguished Belgian writer, speaking of the Jew, says:

"The rapid rise of the Jewish element is a fact which may be observed all over Europe. If this upward movement continues the Israelites a century hence will be the masters of Europe."

He says:

"In the great financial scandals of our day, especially in Belgium only Christians have figured."

And he gives credit to the Jews of being at least as honest in all their monetary dealings as the Christians. Their com-

mercial prosperity is such to-day in Europe as to arouse the jealousy and enmity, even of nations supposed to be the most enlightened. Yet it is a remarkable fact that the excessive accumulation of wealth in the hands of the Jews is only the natural result of the cruel policy which has been extended to them of confining them for years to the practice of usury. They have been compelled by necessity to make the most of every advantage of their situation. Banished from the society of Christians, refused a voice in the administration of public affairs, denied the honor of military service, not even having legal protection in many instances, they have been compelled to organize themselves in such a way as to resist the attacks of their enemies. They could not pursue agriculture, because the ownership of land was denied them. They could not be manufacturers to any extent because they were liable to be broken up. For the same reason they have kept out of mechanical pursuits and they have been compelled by the circumstances of their position to turn their attention to the acquisition of money. This could be easily carried from place to place, at least better than any other kind of property, and it enabled them—being, to a great extent at least, the Christian's god—to protect themselves.

The same policy that has been adopted in the case of the Jews is now being practiced against us. Many of our best people are excluded from the polls and denied the privilege of holding office, and schemes are not wanting which have for their object the entire exclusion of the people from all political power. It has even been proposed to deny us the privilege of purchasing land from the general Government, and to hamper us in every way that would be likely to impede our progress. So far we have held our own. In the face of all these odds, it is marvelous that we have done so; for not only have we been handicapped in this way by unjust legislation, but we have had enemies in our own midst who, in the most cunning, seductive manner, have sought to destroy us; I refer to the professed ministers of religion, who, by the aid of money from the States, have established schools in almost all our settlements for the express purpose of luring our children into their nets, and weaning them from the faith of their fathers. There is not a weak spot in our system or in our mode of life that is not looked for and assailed. Thus far we have had the blessing of God upon our efforts in resisting these attacks and in bearing up under these disabilities. We have a marvelous organization. We must make it as perfect as possible. We must transform our disabilities into new instruments of power. We must maintain the strictness of our discipline; administer our own affairs with scrupulous exactness; cultivate the arts of peace, and keep our eyes and wits very open, and gain every inch of ground we can. Every provision that is made for our extermination should if possible be converted into a new element of force for us. We have shown patient humility; we have accepted much abuse and contumely in silence; but this has not been because of any want of spirit, or because our will is broken, but it is because we have self-control. This we should cultivate, and keep in the path marked out for us with persistent and unquerable energy. Thus far we have shown an immense superiority over our opponents, because we are self-contained, and they give way to temper. We are in the right and they are in the wrong.

We must profit by the lessons which our enemies teach us. The warfare we are engaged in is not one of violence, at least on our side. The victories we gain must be moral ones. In theology we have proved our superiority. Our unlettered youths have met men of cultivated and educated intellects and van-

quished them. But our gospel is not confined to what the world calls theology. It embraces all truth. There is nothing outside of it. It circumscribes every true principle and science. We have to meet our enemies at the present time on legal and political grounds, though we have not had much experience in these. Yet the same success that has crowned the labors of the Elders in the theological field will attend the people in these contests. I expect the day to come when the Latter-day Saints will stand at the head of the world in every branch of true education and knowledge. Year by year we are proving our strength and gaining confidence in ourselves, in our cause and in the God we worship.

EARTH'S CREATURES.

THE ELEPHANT.

ALL our young friends have doubtless seen elephants, with their long trunks, or "noses," as some boys and girls call them. Some people have sat and wondered at the intelligence shown by these creatures when on exhibition in a circus. I expect many thought the elephants in Mr. Cole's circus, lately in Salt Lake, wonderful animals, performing whatever they were required by their master. But these masters are careful at their shows to require nothing but what the elephants understand. It is very interesting, though, to see these huge animals performing their feats and it shows, to an observing person, that they possess a mind and can think and learn, and are capable of being instructed.

In their wild state, elephants display a marked degree of sensibility. They are great lovers of their young. Buffon, the great naturalist, observes:

"The elephant, once subdued, becomes the gentlest and most obedient of all animals: he attaches himself to his keeper, caresses him, warns him, and seems to know all that pleases him. He never mistakes his master's word, receives his orders with attention, executes them with prudence, with haste but without precipitation, for his movements are always deliberate."

"Though the elephant has more memory and intelligence than any animal, he has a smaller brain than the greater part of them, compared with the size of his body. * * * The elephant is, at the same time, a miracle of intelligence and a monster of matter."

The elephant is noted for his touch and smell, and, inasmuch as the organs of touch and smell are both so closely combined in the trunk of the animal, he may be said to have "his nose in his hand." Many writers have given us details of the intelligence of these creatures; of their power of retaining in memory, for a long period, an insult, and after it has probably been forgotten by the perpetrator, the elephant has sought its revenge. Such an instance is related by a Captain Smith, who placed between two slices of bread and butter a thick layer of cayenne pepper, and gave it to the unsuspecting elephant who put it in his mouth. Some six or eight weeks passed before any demonstration was made to retaliate the insult. At that time the captain was received with considerable attention as though the elephant had forgotten the injury long ago; but, all at once, the captain and his fine clothes were literally drenched by the elephant throwing water from his trunk. The animal had concealed his motive, and

had carefully watched his opportunity both for filling and emptying his trunk.

A case is known in which a year elapsed between the insult and the revenge. In this instance the insulter fed the animal some food which was very repugnant to him; the animal at the time was carrying water, and dashed the bucket at the offender. About a year after the menagerie in which the elephant was traveling chanced to pass through the same town again; the elephant saw his insulter, dashed at him, whirled him in the air and he narrowly escaped with the loss of his coat-tails.

UNCLE ZEPH.

VARIETIES.

SEAL-CATCHING.

MANY people who, in the cold Winter months, are made comfortable by the articles of wearing apparel made from skins of seals, do not know what labor the procuring of these skins requires. Sometimes there is a great deal of sport connected with it, while at others the danger is not little.

The *Canadian Magazine* is authority for the following description of this frequently remunerative employment:

"When approaching a 'seal patch,' the excitement on ship-board may be imagined as the welcome whimpering of the young harp seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach. Young hunters, who now apply their gaffs for the first time, are often almost overcome by their baby lamentations. Compassion, however, is soon gulped down. The vessel is 'laid to,' the men eagerly bound over the ice and the work of destruction begins. A blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the 'sculpting-knife' is at work; the skin with the fat adhering is detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, while the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called 'sculpting'—a corruption, no doubt, of scalping. The skin, or pelt, is generally about three feet long and two feet and a half wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. Five or six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough or broken ice, sometimes for one or two miles. If the ice is loose and open, the hunter has to leap from pan to pan. Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this work. Then, what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool, previous to stowage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young."

THE SEAS OF OUR GLOBE.

WE learn from an interesting work, by Dr. Otto Kummel, of Gottingen, the extent of the various seas of the earth:

According to his calculations, the Atlantic Ocean has a superficies of 49,429,168 square miles; Indian Ocean, 45,462,040 square miles; Pacific Ocean, 99,897,917 square miles. Thus the total superficies of the three large oceans is 194,789,125 square miles. The Arctic Ocean has a superficies of 9,481,294 square miles. In the Arctic Ocean, Hudson Bay has a superficies of 663,249 square miles, and the White Sea, 7,715 square miles; the Australian Sea, 5,112,491 square miles; Mediterranean, 1,789,029 square miles; Baltic, 257,589 square miles; Red Sea, 273,941 square miles; Persian Gulf, 146,837 square miles. Then come the seas that Dr. Kummel calls coast seas, namely: North Sea, 339,526 square

miles; Sea of Great Britain, 126,290 square miles; Sea of St. Laurent, 170,109 square miles; China Sea, 761,632 square miles; Japan Sea, 647,170 square miles; Sea of Okhotsk, 934,717 square miles; Behring Sea, 1,440,338 square miles; Sea of California, 103,678 square miles. The total superficies of these coastal seas is 4,523,460 square miles. Adding the Antarctic Ocean, the superficies of which is calculated at 12,696,236 square miles, the total superficies of all the seas is 231,915,905 square miles, while the total superficies of all the continents and islands of the globe is only 34,354,950 square miles.

PARADISE: AN EASTERN LEGEND.

WHEN Alexander the Great had conquered the world, and penetrated into the remotest regions of India, he heard of Paradise, and determined to subdue that also. He was told that the river Hithebel led to it, and immediately ordered a fleet to be equipped to carry his troops thither; but previously dispatched a few vessels to procure information. When they had reached the garden of Paradise, his people found the gate shut, and before it an aged keeper of singular appearance, and with an extraordinary beard, whom they commanded to open the gate instantly for their master, as he was not far behind them. The hoary keeper smiled, and said he durst not admit him unless he could find means to weigh down a feather, which he herewith sent, when placed in the balance. The messenger was astonished, for he could not conceive how a small feather—since it was only a light and downy feather—could have weight, and concluded that the old man was jeering him. He nevertheless went and delivered the message. Alexander directed a balance to be brought, and it soon appeared that all the wood and stone, and silver and gold that could be laid in the scale, was not sufficient to counterpoise this little feather, which made everything that was brought fly quickly up, as though the greatest weight had been put down. Alexander, astonished at this magical effect sent once more to inquire what was the meaning of it. The man gravely answered that the feather signified Alexander's cupidity and ambition, which were light as down, and yet so heavy that nothing could counterbalance them;—but he would tell him how the feather might be outweighed. "Let" said he "a handful of earth be laid upon it, and it will at once lose its extraordinary power." Alexander perceived the meaning and was deeply dejected. Soon afterward he died in Babylon, without having seen Paradise.—*Ex.*

WHEN quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer. "Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. "America," was the reply. "Ah," said the foreman, "from America! lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and in a very brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of the Gospel of St. John: "Nathaniel saith unto him, can any good come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, come and see." It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

LITTLE COMRADES, LET US WANDER.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY IORWERTH.

Moderato.

The image displays a musical score for the song "The Flowers of the Field." It is written for voice and piano. The score is divided into four systems. The first system is in 3/4 time and features a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are: "Lit - tle comrades, let us wander, Where the blossoms are so gay, And the buds shoot forth so tender, Now that winter's gone a - way." The second system continues the melody and includes the lyrics: "There we'll deck our heads with flow'rs There we will deck our heads with flow'rs Of the sweetest, choicest kind, And we'll build ourselves gay bowers Of the shrubs and flow'rs we find." The third system is in 2/4 time and consists of a vocal line with the lyrics "La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la" and a piano accompaniment. The fourth system continues the vocal line with the same "La la la" refrain and the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature changes from 3/4 to 2/4 in the third system.

It will be the sweetest pleasure
That our young hearts can conceive,
Picking up each little treasure
That the sweet Spring to us gives;
Come, then, let us take a ramble,
O'er the hills and far away,
'Mong the flowers, bush and bramble
We will spend a happy day.

And, when weary with our rambling,
We will sit and rest awhile,
When we'll soon be home returning,
Arm in arm, in rank and file;
Weary with our day of marching,
And of picking flowers rare,
In the arms of sleep reposing,
We will dream of scenes most fair.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 10 is WHIP-POOR-WILL. Correct solutions have been received from Sophrona Larson, Brigham City; Willard Sorensen, Mendon; Julia Fackrell, Woods Cross; Isabella P. Preece, Mill Creek; William Brewer, Hennefer; L. J. Holley, Springville; Wm. E. Goob, Oxford, Idaho; B. J. Beer, Jr., Salt Lake City.

LET there be plenty of sunlight in your house. Don't be afraid of it. God floods the world with light, and it costs you an effort to keep it out. You want it as much as plants, which grow sickly without it. It is necessary to the health, spirits, good nature and happy influence. Let the sunlight stream freely in.

1884.

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